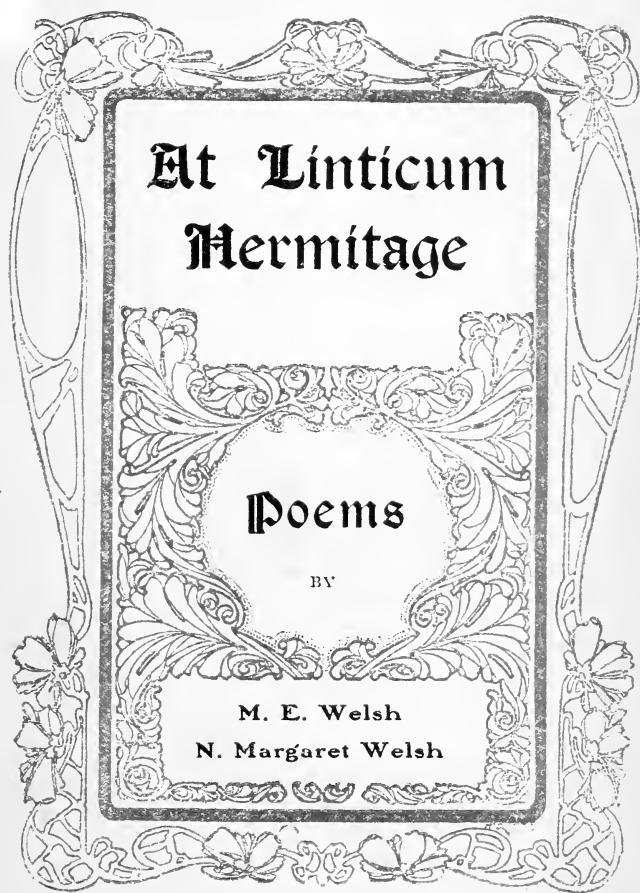


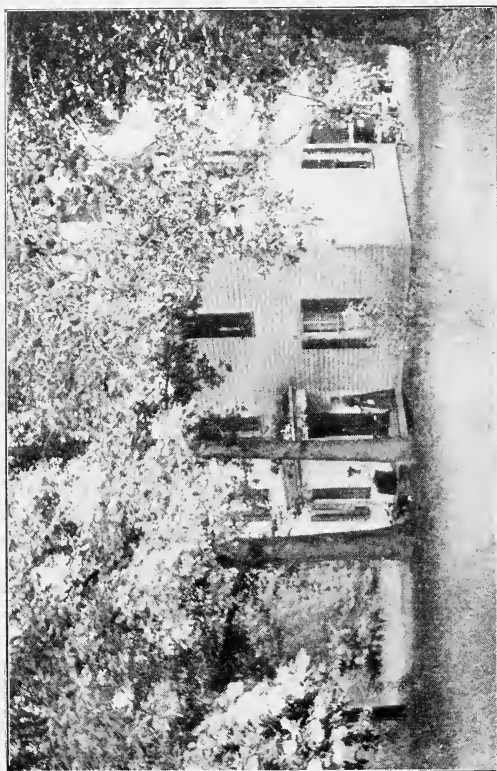
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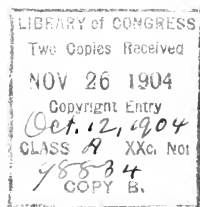
THE OLD HERMITAGE.

AT LINTICUM HERMITAGE



1883

POEMS BY M. E. WELSH AND
N. MARGARET WELSH



PS 3545
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1904



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Apology.

"Is there a thing whereof men say, See, this is new" ?
The Hebrew Preacher saith, "It hath already been."
Like circling suns, what men have done they still will do.
Shall we because of ancient wisdom feel chagrin?
Of sum of human joy and woe each life has part,—
Sees arc of truth. Count him original and wise
Who tells that which he knows so simply that each heart
To its own vision wakes.

While acknowledging indebtedness, in some sense, to all authors ever read, the inaccessibility of a complete library and unreliability of memory make it impossible to give credit for every expression adopted.

The poems of my sister have been collated since her death in the hope that a wider circle of friends may receive comfort and inspiration from them.

M. E. W.

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At Linticum Hermitage.

POEMS BY M. E. WELSH.

THE HERMITAGE.

A hermitage and hallowed place is this.
Though beautiful, for me its sacred bliss
Consists in treasured memories most dear.
Some fleeting, peaceful years together here
We tarried, I and friends who then with me
In patience waited for the victory
Of Spirit over sense, and time, and wrong.
Together now they sing the joyful song
Of triumph. I so slow to learn to sing,
Must practice yet a while.

We loved the King.

Together here his precious words we read,
(Their voices linger yet though they are dead,)
And studied reverently his vast design,
Interpreted the messages by line
Invisible sent out through all the world,
More swift than waves of sound or lightning hurled,
By minds attuned to his well understood,
Pure minds that saw in him sublimest good,
But unperceived by all the careless throng—
And waiting so the years seemed not too long.

'Twas here, in earth's first temple 'neath the dome
Of blue, with snowy head the priest of home
In faith unwav'ring offered daily prayer,
His aged brow the while smoothed free from care.
So, too, the songs of praise he often led
That we, before the Scripture lesson read,
Together always sung. And daily thus
In concord sweet we worshiped, while to us
Assurance of God's kingly favor came,
Revealing more the luster of his name
That claimed our highest love and loyalty.
Together, too, we read the history
Of veterans who battled long ago
Obedient to his word, and felt the glow
Of sacred friendship; that to fullness grown
Is joy unspeakable, and only known
By those around the festal board of heaven,
Where spirits blend with mystic Spirits seven.
And waiting so I saw them go from here
Into the boundless space without a fear.
Far out beyond the world they saw his light.
And while the spirit took its upward flight
A shining ray fell on the pallid face,—
(Left here, a useless mask in th' spirit place).
And that reflected glory, whose bright gleam
Was not of earth, went with them. Oft I seem
In memory, or spirit vision clear,
To see its vanishing, as when from here
My friends went out, and gazing yearningly
My vision failed, too weak for th' heavenly.
And memory those things must sacred keep.
Though looking backward I sometimes may weep,
Their fuller lives I think I somewhat share,
Who waited here, but now where all is fair

Are welcomed home — their home infinity.
And they who now in all his beauty see
Our gracious King, remember, too, this spot,
In pilgrim days with heavenly blessings fraught,
As he whose journey o'er will often think
Of hill where eyes caught sight of home and link
The rapture with his fuller joy.—

And me?

Their vision now from shadow's blur is free.
Where mind is perfect they can not forget.
Though I am far from holiness, they yet,
No doubt, do joy to see me follow on,
And, knowing all how hard the victory's won,
In what seems hard in sympathy may still
Have share, and trusting all the Father's will,
May gather close and bend to him the knee
Who leads his own to final victory.
And so this forest hermitage I love,
That links sweet memories with hopes above,
But wait not idle for that grander life,
Unconscious of the cry of pain and strife.
Not much my feeble hands can do to stay
Earth's suffering, but yet with Christ I may
Strive for the reign of justice, peace and love.
True prayer joined with the holy will above
For man's salvation works in every age;
And oft the call in hidden hermitage
To pray for every man, both good and bad,
The fierce destroyer with the crushed and sad.
For through the hateful, loud, discordant din,
That rises from the carnival of sin,
The hermit, hearing sound of gentle touch,
As if some one who loved and suffered much
Was feeling in the dark the jangled keys

In hopeful yearning for lost harmonies,
With heart responsive listens for each note,
And longs the earnest effort to promote.
The Power that makes for righteousness lays hand
Upon the world's deep sores in every land,
Gives songs of praise for giant wrongs o'erthrown
And truth established or to greatness grown.
While yet the far-off nations darkly grope,
Each faithful prayer brings nearer earth's great hope.

DAWN.

My soul breathes the air of a peace that is sweet
As the calm undisturbed of the earliest dawn,
E'en by flutter of wings as bird choristers meet —
While the curtains of night are so softly withdrawn —
Ere the prelude to morning's glad anthem begins.
Though in infinite Presence my nothingness feel
And, adoring the Holy, remember my sins,
I receive on my soul the imprint of his seal
Of acceptance the sign to those washed in the blood
That atones. To my Father my spirit draws near.
For as beauty unfolded, wrapped up in the bud,
What in glory I'll be not in time doth appear.
Now behold, there's a flush on the eastern low sky.
In a moment the sun will transform with its light
Every darkly draped object that now meets the eye.
Till robed in his beauty 'tis fair in our sight.
Though now in the shadow all dew-bathed and dim,
Then responsive they'll glisten with jewels most bright.
In *that morning* in thankfulness looking to him
Shall my spirit exultant be clothed with his light.

MORNING.

Our God is here. Through silent hours he held
All living souls unconscious in their sleep,
While night earth's fierce disquiet slowly quelled;
But now, emerging from that shad'wy deep,
See all created beings wake to life,
With hearts made strong by rest renew its strife.

All life is gay. The jewel-crested leaf
And fragrant multicolored op'ning flower,
The waving fields of green and ripened sheaf,
The brightly tinted cloud and crystal shower,
With joyful harmonies awake the heart:
But from its ceaseless longings stand apart.

By outward sense we know that God is near.
His spirit brooding o'er the chaos deep
By waking, growing life proclaimed him near:
But as on light that rests on mountains steep,
Or glints upon the eye from morning star,
Our souls feel awed to look so high, so far.

Their shoreless deeps we know are sometimes stirred,
As songs in unknown tongue by voices sweet,
Or echoing organ's peal in distance heard,
May charm the list'ning ear — their passing fleet —
The motives that our softened hearts inflame
We dimly, faintly know from whence they came.

But yet refreshed from yesterday's dull cares,
With keener sense and bounding heart of youth
We greet the smiling face that Nature wears,

And feel in harmony with joy and truth.
Our lips would fain repeat the song they sung,
Who saw this Earth all fair when it was young.

Though vision fails nor whispers reach the ear,
This mighty Lord of all the universe
Is not contained in things that do appear;
Nor yet through these may we with him converse.
Behold, these are his messengers that wait
Or serve outside his royal palace gate.

As priests that minister in common things,
They enter not that dread, most holy place,
Where o'er the mercy seat the shad'wing wings
Protect the soul that humbly seeks his face.
'Tis there man's spirit may his spirit meet
In friendship pure and holy, calm and sweet.

Draw near, but leave without all sordid cares.
Come thou into that sacred atmosphere
Washed clean and bearing only earnest prayers
As swinging censors — dumb appeal sincere;
Learn there infinity of truth and love,
And share the harmony of heaven above.

ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

My trustful hope rests firm in him,
Obedient trust is Jesus' claim on me.
The cup of death sin-filled to brim
Was drained, O Christ, my Lord, by thee,
And, victor o'er its darkness, now
All earth and heaven to thee must bow.

TO H——.

Lines to a beloved nephew and pupil on his twenty-first birthday.

Launch out upon the open sea,
Our paths must severed be.
With chart and compass thou must steer.
May God keep watch 'twixt me and thee,
Though I should never more be near.

The shining stars are guide to you —
Oh, watch and steer thou true.
Thy way must be apart from mine,
Yet we may go life's journey through
In presence of my God and thine.

Perhaps not often we may speak
While storms around us shriek,
And waves meet clouds to form a veil
And hide thee whom my eyes still seek,
While I as thou must onward sail.

If I might ever signal thee,
My message this should be:
Obey the lights that shine above,
They shine for you, they shine for me.
Their law keeps truth, and hope, and love.

Launch out and brave'y strike the deep.
The spray may o'er thee weep,
But yielding waves shall bear thee on.
May Christ, unerring guide, thee keep.
Thou'lt sight the land at early dawn.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

“Thy will be done.” How oft ’tis spoken low
With falt’ring tone, while from the drooping eyes
The tears flow fast, the head submissive bent
As deep in thought and painful questioning.
God is supreme, and whatsoe’er he pleased
That did he in the heavens and in the earth.
His will is good and heaven is full of joy,
For there his will is perfectly performed.
But here the gloom of sorrow and of death
Hangs over all our fleeting happiness,
As over lowlands fogs obscure the sun.

God’s will is good, in righteousness he reigns
O’er all the earth; and God himself is love,
And all his acts but manifest his grace —
Then what strange adverse power intervenes,
That we must suffer so? Or can Love will
That we should bear the pain of poverty
And grief, and see the fading of our hopes,
And toil on fruitlessly, while down the west
Our sun is sinking fast, and wring our hands
In agony before the doors that close
Relentless on the joys we held most dear,—
More dear than life,—the things for which we lived?

Thus ever does the human heart inquire.
And ever since the world began to drink
The bitter bowl of tears and bear the curse
Of woe, its heavy beatings, falling fast,
Have dulled the ear unto the truths that God
From his eternal heavens would speak and teach.
The infidel complaint bursts from the lips

In pain's extremity: Ah, doth God know?
Or often, still more faithless: Doth God care?
Subdued by feeling of its helplessness,
It mourns submissively, yet bitterly,
While unapproachable Jehovah seems.
How could his holy Majesty, serene,
Be touched with hands unclean, begrimed with earth
And wet with briny tears? Or could desires
Of our weak hearts considered be by him?
In his affliction even righteous Job,
Astonished, uttered thus his heart's complaint
To God: "I cry." "Thou dost not answer me."
Not strange the world, weighed down with conscious
 guilt,
Should shrink from that infinity of power
In fear of what it could not comprehend,
And in its terror stifle half its cry.
But his own chosen could not learn to know
The secret power of faith if all his ways
Were plain to them without interpreter.
Of old they knew his kindly providence,
That ever circled round their daily life,
And worshiped, ever stretching out their hands
And blindly groping through the dark for God,
Were ever struggling with the question grave,
How sinful man could be accounted just,
Or be at one with perfect holiness.

How terrible the vale of sorrow seemed
Until the Lord Christ came from heaven to earth
And like a brother shared our earthly lot.
He laid aside his rightful majesty,
And clothed in fragile clay, that everywhere
Is vulnerable to the stroke of death.

He trod the slippery path of human life,
And felt privation, scorn, and pain, and grief.
Thus passing through affliction for our sake,
He bowed his soul to tears — not for himself,
But, moved with tender sympathy for us,
He took upon himself the heavy load
Of sin, that weighed us down to hopeless grief;
And, burdened so, stretched out his helping hands
To all who sought him in their misery.
Yea, burdened with the guilt of all the world,
He bore the awful frown that holiness
Forever casts on sin, condemned with us.
That we with him, the faultless, might be just.
Through suff'ring he was perfect Savior made,
To lead us back to truth, and love and God.
He stands approved in heaven's unsullied light
To represent us there. The sufferer crowned
Stands in his Father's smile, for he his will
Has done on earth in perfect loyalty.
Full transcript of the mind of God in him
We see, and know the Infinite is Love,
The same who bore our griefs and wept with us.
And can we halting say, God's will is good?
Nay, rather let the prayer, "Thy will be done,"
Responsive to his great redeeming power,
Forever speak our glad and trustful love.

NOT ALONE.

When wand'ring through the gloom of darkest night
This thought shall light and armor be,
That naught can ever hide me from his sight
Who through Christ's face doth look on me.

THE PERFECT MAN.

Oh, what is man? The stars, so far from us
And nearer God, may be, do tremble so.
Weak faith with palpitating heart e'en thus
Would take the greatest gift he can bestow.

Is God far off? Did not his well loved Son
Live here as one of us, but full of grace,
While under law his life-long work was done,
To prove himself a brother to our race?

He grew, he ate and drank, was tired and slept,
Though blameless was his life, his heart most pure;
He felt life's miseries, he sighed and wept,
A man, to common men his presence sure.

As brother, helper, teacher, friend, he came
Into our lives to show us how to grow
To perfect manhood. Son of man his name —
A gracious one, whom every man may know.

And knowing him, we know the character
Of God, who dwells in pure eternal light,
The righteous, holy one, who can not err,—
Too bright and terrible for mortal sight.

Yet one who has a loving Father's heart,
Who pities, seeks to save the wand'ring one,
And who in all our griefs has borne a part,
Who dwells with us in person of his Son.

MORNING PRAYER.

Lord, thou art here. Through silent hour
And gloom I slept, kept by thy power.

I wake and live in thee.
I slept, was helpless in my sin,
Eternal life I could not win,
Thou gavest life to me.

Thy blood from guilt has made me free,
I live, am saved, and blest in thee,
Oh, can I ask for more?
I only in my prayer beseech
That thou this wayward heart wouldst teach
To ever thee adore.

I live by faith in thy great love,
Oh, till I reach thy home above,
Come down and walk with me.
Thy power alone can keep and save —
Loud is the wind, high rolls the wave,
And I am far at sea.

For in the dark, tempestuous night,
When I with trembling and affright
Cry out upon the sea,
Thou makest all its storm to cease,
And with thy whispered word of peace
Thou sweetly stillest me.

Oh, while I draw this labored breath,
Until I've passed the straits of Death
Be near to comfort me.

My heart is quiv'ring now with pain,
Let not my suff'ring be in vain,
Let me be crowned with thee.

In all my darkest, weakest hours,
When faileth these death-stricken powers,
My soul would cling to thee.
Oh, let not shame o'ertake my hope.
But in the morning may I ope
My eyes thy face to see.

PRESENT HELPER.

Is Jehovah right here? Could he e'er with humanity
dwell,
The Supreme to whom ceaselessly anthems so worshipful
swell,
Who has founded on Justice that mountain eternal, his
throne,
Who with majesty reigneth in glory forever alone?
Could the God of compassion, could he who is infinite
love,
Whose Spirit delighteth in holiness ever above,
Live here 'mid the clamor of war and the murderous
strife?
Could he listen at all to the fret and the cry of this life?
Yea, his presence is here, great Jehovah, the pitiful one,
Yet not in the thunder's loud crashing or whirlwind's
swift run;
His great power is helpful in agony, smarting and cares,
Here to save, as the ocean to harbor the wrecked vessel
bears.

As down deep under stoniest paths run the water's cool
springs,
So the streams of his mercy flow deep with refreshing,
that brings
To the fever-tossed soul for life's trial new hope and
new strength,
That the weak in his might may be strong, and be vic-
tors at length.

Leading often with sternness apart from the sordid worn
path,
The one chosen and called to interpret his mercy and
wrath,
And declare to the passing his secret, th' forgiveness
of sin,
That the lame, and the halt, and the dying the kingdom
may win.

Highly honored, who builds into life the sweet message
he heard,
And by personal sacrifice renders more lucid the word,
Sweetly welcome, that lifts crushing burdens, discharges
our debts,—
But woe, woe to the seer who heedless the vision
forgets.

“THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.”

(REV. 22:4.)

Who toil in field or mart do serve their king,
Though most by other hands their tribute bring,—
Shout if his equipage do pass their place;
But chosen servants stand and see his face.

AS CHRIST LOVED.

So walk in love's self-sacrifice
As Christ, who came from heaven to earth,
Whose perfect love was truly wise —
The man of grief, who blessed men's mirth.

Who followed God's appointed way
Of daily toil and needed rest,
Retiring oft apart to pray,
And list'ning ever God's behest.

His deeds were simple truth and right,
Such as the poorest e'en might do;
They gained him favor in men's sight
Who only as a man him knew.

He sought not praise, and feared not blame,
And yet fulfilled all righteousness
For glory of his Father's name,
Who sent him down, our race to bless.

This, then, of love is highest proof,
Obedience to our Father's will;
To follow crowds or ho'd aloof,
As choice may righteous law fulfill.

God's will is always right and good,
He seeks to make men whole again;
And so, if rightly understood,
Obedience is love to men.

POETIC ART.

What is poetic art? Etude
With rhyme and word similitude,
Or literary fine bouquets,
Arranged to gladden leisure days?
It is transmitted harmony
Through circuit of infinity
To aspiration, noble thought;
The pulsing heart and brain inwrought
With measured march of righteous law
In deeds that woo, or strike with awe;
The gath'ring from the wrecks of time
Rich treasures hid in ocean slime
Or in debris of ages past.
Yet pressed in mold of deeds that last
To forms of immortality;
Or insight of true sympathy
That in to-day's dull common-place
The growth of heavenly flowers can trace,
Relating visions of life free
In glorious beauty yet to be.

"THEIR VOICE CAN NOT BE HEARD."

(Psa. 19: 3.)

The angels daily praise His name
Above the din of earthly cries.
As to the watching shepherds came
In Bethlehem that sweetest song.
Their notes are clear, their voices strong,
Yet on the air the anthem dies.

Poor mortals bend too near the ground.
Their senses dulled to harmony,
They wake not for the sweetest sound —
In vain the singers from above
May chant the melody of love,
The sordid heart has lost the key.

No spirit unatuned can hear
The heavenly music in the air,
Though sweet it fails on waiting ear
In busy mart, or desert place,
Where'er men seek forgiving grace
In humble thought or word of prayer.

Climb high, O soul, and listen well,
Not of this earth or time art thou.
Commune with those where thou wouldst dwell
Above this stifling atmosphere.
O Christ, attune my heart to hear,
For I am thine by solemn vow.

WONDERFUL LOVE.

What love that Christ should give
His life to save me!
And, oh, that wondrous love shall last
Through every trial while I live,
And when the testing time is past
He'll take me home to live with him.
His love I know, though faith be dim,
Desires to have me.

THE HIGHLY EXALTED.

(ISA. 2: 11-17.)

Our nation boasts achievements great.
Material works alone shall earn the fate
Of Ozymandius, the sport of fame —
On his self-laudatory tower a name
To puzzle searchers in time's shifting sands,
Who ask, What have you done? For human hands
May toil with skill, do all that mind has dared,
As basic fragments desert storms have spared
The elements they wrought are crumbling dust.
But One comes to his throne. All serve him must.
The dolt who sees no farther than his wage,
Nor knows, nor owns the King, in every age
Prepares his great highway.

"IT IS I."

(MATT. 14: 27.)

Jesus is near. Why should you fear,
Oh, trembling, doubting one?
Though clouds across your sky
A while shut out the sun,
He hears your cry.

He draweth nigh when waves roll high;
Then list to hear his shout.
He treads the billowy sea,
While storms of life wear out
He comes to thee.

Be of good cheer. Yield not to fear,
His gracious lips speak peace.
His word has power to still
And make heart troubles cease.
Bow to his will.

“GOD CALLED THE LIGHT DAY.”
(GEN. 1 : 5.)

The evening and the morning, so
The sacred writers measure day;
Not so the world, that can not know
The light round him to whom we pray.

'Tis evening now. Some stars appear,
Reflected light reveals our way;
But morning cometh with the clear
And gladsome light of perfect day.

MORNING HYMN.

I will rejoice in thee, my God,
Remembering thy holiness.
Thy mercy, truth and love I laud,
Thy righteous name I'll ever bless.

My life is thine, redeemed from sin,
Thy hand upholds me constantly.
Thy happy home I'll dwell within
In fadeless joy, eternally.

BEST DAY.

Oh, day most blessed that is mine,
Thou'rt linked with both eternities,
The time and chance of life is thine.
By thee are human energies
Transmuted to divine decrees.

Thy light reveals and holdest forth
All glorious possibilities.
As turns the needle to the North,
Thy laws control the mystic keys
Of sad or happy destinies.

And those who trust the unseen power
That dwelleth in the shining light,
And form a circuit in this hour
By touch of loving deeds and right,
May share thy joy and wondrous might.

“THE LIGHT IS SWEET.”
(ECCLES. 11 : 7.)

Returning light,
The earth is glad in thee.
The glorious light of day
Doth shine for me.

O joy, O life,
I hear thy symphony;
The music of thy waves
Has wakened me.

O Light divine,
All joy flows down from thee,
Thou art the bliss of heaven.
Shine Thou on me.

EVENING HYMN.

O Lord, when human comforts fail
We lift our eyes to thee,
For thou hast heard the mourner's wail
From all eternity.

The burden of our helpless woes
Was borne, O Christ, by thee;
Thy loving heart all anguish knows
In its infinity.

So when our souls are bowed in grief
Our prayers shall trustful be.
Thy voice shall bring a sweet relief
To all who hope in thee.

BEST GIFT.

Thy gracious word is my delight,
Thy daily gifts are good to sight,
Thy promise rests my hope in thee,
O Christ, thyself, thy Spirit give,
The light by which thy ransomed live,—
The universe is given to me.

DARK HOURS.

(ISA. 50: 10.)

There are dark days in the calendar
Of each bright and joyous solar year.
Oft the sun is darkened, and most drear
Does all nature seem. Damp chills occur;
Fields all white to harvest scarcely stir
In the breeze; the garden flower shrinks,
Missing sunlight sweet, which plant life drinks
As do mortals the pure atmosphere.

Sometimes thus a gloom enwraps the soul,
And all common pleasures seem to cloy.
Cheerless, though high thoughts the mind employ,
Does the heart, as if a bell did toll,
Listen dumb,—e'en while loud anthems roll
Waves of praise to God. His gracious gifts
Warm emotions stir not, neither lifts
Even thankfulness full notes of joy.

Sometimes thus a chilling gloom enshrouds
With damp folds the soul. We know not why
Darkness so obscures for us the sky.
O'er us shadows drawn by low'ring clouds
Hide the silent cheer of starry crowds
That deep night would show in heaven above.
'Tis as if a sense of loss of love
Made our spirits in us faint and die.

Then as homes by fires in winter's dearth
Seek cheer, when of beauty earth is bare,

Flames upon the hearth make warm the air,
And the children in their childish mirth
Gather, bringing with them joys of earth,
Light on altars of the heart a flame
Whene'er sadness puts our hopes to shame
And revive the chilling soul by prayer.

No sad drooping heart need e'er despair.
Haste to tend afresh the altar fire.
Strike with feeblest touch electric wire,
And, more swift than sound waves cleave the air,
To Jehovah God ascends thy prayer.
Like the subtle lightning swift shall come
Life renewed to heart so cold and dumb,
Pulsing fingers touch again the lyre.

AWAKENING.

The breath of morn, the touch of sun,
The subtle change of chemistry,
Dissolving atoms in the earth,
The thrill of electricity,—
And where we saw the winter's dearth,
That wondrous thing, plant life begun.

A word of love, the voice of God,
That smites and wounds, and soothes and heals,
Awakes from deathly sleep the soul,
And to the struggling life reveals
Of all life's stress the shining goal
As reached the way Christ trod.

WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

A noble purpose glorifies
The toiler's faithful drudgery,
As growth the buried seed that dies.
It keeps the Christian spirit free
When wearing tasks, repeated oft,
To know that God thy work doth give
And works with thee—to look aloft,
In his companionship to live.

FIRST DAY.

Earth's age computes no man,
For time with light began;
God said: "Let there be light,"
And through the trackless night
The silver waves flowed round
This infant planet earth,
Till then in darkness bound,
And the first day had birth.

HIS LOVE TOWARD US.

We see thy power in starry systems great,
Thy wisdom marked the paths in which they move,
But Thou, the Word, who didst all things create,
Upon this little planet Earth didst prove
The infinity of love.

THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED.

By faith I see, but yet with vision dim;
I long to see in clearer light,
To know my *King* as I am known of him —
To see perfection in his sight.





N. MARGARET WELSH.

POEMS BY N. MARGARET WELSH

(DECEASED)

"WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW."

(JESUS.)

Not now with thy dim vision
Canst thou my plan discern.
Submit thy will to mine, and all
Thou shalt hereafter learn.

Ye call me Lord and Master,
And I am truly so;
Can ye not bear indignity
If I have stooped so low?

I give you an example
That ye should always do
In love to one another still,
As I have done to you.

So take my yoke upon you,
In suffering be meek,
For 'tis the only way to find
The honor that you seek.

Not now the crown and glory,
The rest and perfect day;
But follow me in humble trust,
As I shall lead the way.

Not now the perfect knowledge,
But if you are my own,
You'll see at last my way was best,
And "know as ye are known."

THE OLD HOME.

A picture comes to me to-night
Of the old, old home so dear,
For though removed so far from sight,
'Tis in spirit vision near.

I see the gate that leads to it,
And the flowers in sweetest bloom,
And entering, by th' fire I sit
In the pleasant sitting room.

Then other forms will gather there
As they used to long ago.
A father, aged, with silver hair,
And blue eyes with tender glow.

Most loved of all, my mother fair,
With her knitting sits by th' stand,
O'er brown eyes shade of long brown hair,
And she smiles on th' little band.

A brother eldest, broad of brow,
And of mild blue eyes, I see,
Though living in his own home now,
He in th' old home lives to me.

A sister, too, in life's fair dawn,
Who for love left us behind,
In faith and hope has traveled on,
Is there present to my mind.

Another sister, dear to me,
My teacher, loved as child and youth,
Now teaches others over th' sea
Gospel words of living truth.

One fairest of the picture made,
Who is fairer now in heaven,
Once kneeled beside me there and prayed
All my sins might be forgiven.

My brother sees now from above,
And (I know he loves us still)
Oft comes a minister of love,
Glad to do the Father's will.

One brother yet is left to me,
Though he, too, is far away;
I see him there in th' old, old home,
Still at study, work or play.

And so in th' vision that comes to me
I all over live again
My childhood's days, so glad and free,
In the love that held me then.

“THY KINGDOM COME ON EARTH.”

When shall the dawn of heaven on earth be seen,
That happy time for which we often pray?
Christ's blessed reign! My soul delights to dwell
Upon the vision. Now upon my ear
Breathe notes of joy, and peace, and harmony,
Like heaven's own music sounding from afar.
“Thy kingdom come on earth.” When we obey
His will, then shall it come within our hearts.

A FAREWELL.

Waves of the ocean between us now roll,
Yet separation our love can not change.
Messages silent but sweet from the soul
Speed o'er the sea from a land that is strange.

Though so far distant to India's land,
You, my dear sister, to labor have gone;
Tenderly still may the same loving hand
Lead you and cheer you till your labor is done.

Though all around you are thousands who live
Ignorant still of the Savior's great love,
They to the bats soon their idols shall give,
Seeking the God that came down from above.

O'er that dark land now breaks the first light,
Soon a bright morning for it will appear.
Farther the gospel shall spread till the night
Cease, and the kingdom of Jesus draw near.

Go, then, my sister, though feeble you be,
Jesus is strong, upon whom you depend.
Go, for the Master is calling for thee,
Prayers for thy welfare to heaven ascend.

If in God's mercy you ever should come
Back o'er the old ocean's dark rolling tide,
Gladly we'll greet you and welcome you home,
Give you a place by the dear old fireside.

But if on earth we should nevermore meet,
All our time, talents and strength we'll employ;
And not in vain if at Christ's judgment seat
We shall at last meet in fullness of joy.

Then in thy crown of rejoicing shall shine
Souls that have found the way home by thy light;
Oh, may there be some stars also in mine,
Some that have left the wrong way for the right.

Now may the presence of Jesus be with you,
Strengthen your hands and encourage your heart;
May the sweet cheer of his promises true
Comfort and peace to your spirit impart.

MY FRIEND.

No earthly friendships' ties
Can satisfy the heart,
For mortal when he dies
From earthly friends must part.
In vain when troubles rise,
That make our hearts afraid,
We turn beseeching eyes
To earthly friends for aid;
Vain is the help of man
When grief o'erwhelms the soul.
One friend, one only, can
The broken heart console.
His fullness can supply
Whatever good we need.
To all who on his help rely
He is a friend indeed.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

The time is short. Your years
That hasten none can stay;
Life, like a vapor that appears,
Soon vanishes away.

The time is short to learn
Ere death the way to live.
The days do never more return,
But come as God doth give.

To work,—how short the time!
And Jesus gives each one
A work to do that is sublime.
Oh, leave it not undone.

The time is short to tell
The old, old story o'er,
How Jesus loved the world so well,
For it the cross he bore.

And if he loved it so
He came from heaven above,
Shall we then hesitate to go
And tell a Savior's love?

How short, indeed, the time!
And many lands still lie
In darkness, and in every clime
In darkness many die.

Oh, may the time be brief
Before the gospel light
Dispels the gloom of care and grief,
And dissipates the night.

Oh, weary ones who weep,
Faint not in doing well,
The time is short. What thou shalt reap
Eternity will tell.

“COME, . . . I WILL GIVE YOU REST.”

(JESUS.)

I come to thee for rest,
I lay my burden down.
Oh, hide me in thy breast,
Safe from the world's cold frown.

Dear Savior, thou dost see
How weary of the strife —
Unless thou livest in me,
I'm weary e'en of life.

Oh, save me from myself,
From this deceitful heart,
And make me like thyself,
Pure, holy as thou art.

Then let me rest in thee,
And I shall meekly wait
Until thou callest me
To enter heaven's gate.

(45)

HEAVEN.

Heaven! How shall finite mind
Language to describe it find?
Brush that's dipped in earthly dye
Can not paint that heaven high.

If God had not given in love
Guide unto that heaven above
In the book of life and light,
We had dwelt in endless night.

In the book of truth we're told
All the streets are of pure gold;
Jasper is its walls, and rare
Th' stones of their foundations fair.

Gates of pearl wide open stand;
Kings and lords of every land
Into it their glory bring,
And honor to their Savior king.

Darkness has no dwelling there,
In that city bright and fair;
Endless day excludes the night,
For the Lamb doth give it light.

Living flow the waters pure
From the throne that shall endure;
Trees of life on either side
Spread their fruitful branches wide.

Sorrow can not enter there,
Sin, nor death, nor pain, nor care.
There with peace shall all be blessed,
And the weary be at rest.

Crowned with life and clothed in white,
Hosts of the redeemed unite,
Glad eternally to sing
Praises to their heavenly King.

A PRAYER FOR THE BEREAVED.

When once the disciples in fear
And in grief had assembled to pray,
In their midst did their Savior appear.
In a voice they all knew did he say,
"Fear ye not." "Peace be unto you,"
Bringing joy to their hearts like a dove,
With a peace that the world never knew,
Came the Spirit of truth and of love.
Oh, thou Prince of peace, gentlest One,
Teach our hearts to be still at thy word,
For we know that thy will must be done,
And our cry thy compassion has heard.
May thy sweet benediction of peace
To our sorrowing hearts be spoken,
It shall bring us from cares a release
And swift healing to hearts that are broken.
Oh, when harassed by doubt and by fear,
When the waves of our troubles increase,
To relieve us, dear Savior, be near,
Breathe upon us thy Spirit of peace.

WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

All for happiness are seeking.
Where can happiness be found?
Hear the many voices speaking,
All earth echoes to the sound.

Some may think they would be cheery
If they'd nothing else to do,
But the idle are most dreary,
Discontented, useless, too.

Some seek happiness in gold,
Ever adding to their store,
Gath'ring all their hands can hold,
Still they cry, A little more.

Some in learning think there's gladness,
In knowing all there is to know,
But the learned oft in sadness
Feel that yet they nothing know.

All are restlessly pursuing,
Thinking happiness is sure.
Few there are who think of doing
What would endless joy secure.

Happiness is priceless treasure
Gold or pearls can never buy;
Like these, wisdom and true pleasure
Deep are hidden from the eye.

Read the Bible, for it guides you
Back to happiness and God;
Heavenly mansions Christ provides you,
Reached the way himself has trod.

TEMPLES OF THE SPIRIT.

Though in heaven the holy God
Dwelleth, yet this earth he trod,
And the humblest heart as well
Is where he delights to dwell.

Comforter, he heals the hearts
Wounded sore by Satan's darts,
Cleanses us from every sin
Till our hearts are pure within.

Born of God, like him we grow,
Knowing, follow on to know,
Sanctified no more to roam,
We become the Spirit's home.

Saints, remember what ye are,
Nearer God than brightest star,
Guard the gifts ye have received.
Lest the Spirit should be grieved.

Be ye holy, saith the Lord,
Writes it in his word adored;
Holiness is perfect grace —
Those made holy see his face.

DEATHLESS LOVE.

True friendship never dies;
The ties that bind us here
Shall last forever in the skies,
As source of holy cheer.

In every Christian heart
A sympathy I find;
Hearts knit together can not part,
Nor lives so intertwined.

True love shall ever grow
As powers of mind expand;
As we are known, then shall we know
Within Emmanuel's land.

Was not this Christ's command
To all disciples true:
Love one another, chosen band,
As I have loved you?

And can he bid us twine
Affections' tendrils here,
Then sever as a branch from vine
From all that we hold dear?

Ah, no, my faith replies,
True love shall deathless be;
Hope lifts to heaven her trusting eyes,
And patience waits on thee.

To all the good below
My heart shall ever cling,
For all who sleep in Christ I know
In glory he shall bring.

Then as the angels we
Shall ever dwell above;
To God shall all the glory be
With our united love.

HEAVENLY TREASURE.

Lay treasures up in heaven
With love that never fails,
For there no trusting hearts are riven,
No jealousy assails.

No thief can e'er break through
To rob us or to spoil,
No moth or rust corrupt the true
Rewards of faithful toil.

Make to yourselves true friends,
That when you fail on earth
You'll find in love that never ends
A treasure of great worth.

MY REFUGE WHEN DARK CLOUDS LOWER.

When dark clouds hover near,
When threat'ning lifts the storm its arm,
There's safe retreat from its alarm
Beneath God's wing, where naught can harm.
Then what have I to fear?

When sadness brings a tear,
And o'er each thought and hope of mine
A gloom is cast, and I repine,
Fear not, my child, for I am thine,
He says, "Be of good cheer."

When I am left alone,
With none to speed the hours away,
No human friend to be my stay,
There's One I trust, to whom I pray,
Who ne'er deserts his own.

And when life's storms are past
I'll bid this cold, vain world farewell,
And gladly leave its cares, to dwell
With him who is my all, and swell
The song of joy at last.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

Come, the bride and Spirit say,
All that hear may point the way.
Welcome, halting, blind and dumb,
Distant lands shall echo, Come.

YOUTH'S OPPORTUNITY.

Spring is the sowing time, as youth
Is spring and seed time of our life.
Then are we sowing seeds of truth,
Of faith, hope, love, and not of strife?

The golden moments ere they fly,
Oh, haste to fill with deeds of love.
Wake, idle dreamer, death is nigh,
And there's a heaven to gain above.

WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

The Spirit's presence giveth light,
Shows the sins our souls affright;
Then he graciously reveals
The Physician great who heals.

Gently does the heavenly dove
Draw us on with cords of love,
Till the Savior we embrace,
And receive abundant grace.

Now he ever in us dwells,
Every evil he expels;
He upholds the humble saint,
And revives the spirit faint.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

In gladsome spring, by sunbeams warm allured
And soft caress of gentle zephyrs sweet,
The buds unfold their perfumed, beauteous flowers,
And precious fruits take form on vine and tree.
The beauties of the soul that never fade!
God's Spirit is the root from which they spring,
And watered with the heavenly dews of grace,
They evermore increase their blossoming.
The Spirit's fruit is faith in all that's good,
And charity, the bond of perfectness,
And joy, and peace, and sweet humility,—
A grace becoming unto every one,—
And blessed hope, that stay of tempted souls,
Like anchor entering within the veil —
That holy place where now our Savior dwells.
We catch a glimpse of heavenly glory there,
A foretaste sweet of things prepared for us
By him who loved us. Meekness, Gentleness,
And Patience, waiting on her Father's will,
The wisdom from above God freely gives
To all who ask in faith; and every grace
And every virtue in this garden grows
When cultivated with a careful hand.
O Sun of righteousness, with healing beams,
Shine on my soul, and let the gentle winds
Upon my garden blow, and it revive
With showers of heaven.

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